Inside this issue: A Fan's Guide to Blake's Seven! (see special insert)

The Prydonian Renegade

The official newsletter of The Prydonians of Prynceton
Volume 3, number seven October 1986

Club Stuff

Whoski in trouble!

We regret to have to inform all our members that Whoski '87, our unique resort weekend with Mark Strickson and Ian Marter (invited guests) is not attracting the kind of support we'd hoped for when we planned it. So far, we have received very few deposits. In fact, unless the response picks up by the beginning of November, we may have to cancel the event. We have certain guarantees to meet to the stars and the tour operator, and at the moment it is unclear that we will be able to do so. Please, if you're interested in attending Whoski '87, send in your deposit as soon as possible. Payment terms for the balance up to thirty days before departure can be worked out once your deposit is in, but we need as many deposits as possible as soon as possible. The events we have planned for Whoski are varied and exciting; don't miss out! Get your deposit in now! Send checks or money orders to: The Prydonians of Prynceton, PO Box 1311, Princeton, NJ, 08544. Thanks!

November Assembly Set!

The November Prydonian Assembly will be held on Saturday, November 1, from 1 to 4 pm, at the Lawrenceville Library, on Alternate Route 1 South, between Princeton and Trenton in Mercer County, New Jersey. We will be discussing the club's by-laws and upcoming elections, as well as other stuff. Plus, the usual good time will be had by all. Food and drink are welcome and needed. See you all there!

Strickson replaces Courtney for Whoski!

Mark Strickson, who played Turlough opposite Peter Davison's Fifth Doctor, will be joining Ian Marter as an invited guest at Whoski 87, The Prydonians' unconventional weekend at Mailibu Ranch Resort on March 6–8, 1986. Nicholas Courtney, originally announced as one of the invited guests, has had to decline the invitationbeen offered the role of Major Metcalf in Agatha Christie's melodrama *The Mousetrap* in London's West End. *The Mousetrap* is the world's longest-running dramatic production. He will be directed by the wife of Peter Moffat (well known to Whovians as a director of many episodes of Doctor Who). Strickson made himself notorious at the Whovent '86 East cabaret in New Brunswick this past May for his clever impersonation of Doctor Who Producer John Nathan-Turner.

Pertwee tour heads our way!

Get ready for three of the best Doctor Who shows ever! Jon Pertwee, the Doctor of Doctors, the real "Caped Crusader," is coming to our area for three conventions in the next six weeks!

On Saturday, October 18, Jon will be at the Trenton War Memorial Auditorium along with James "Scotty" Doohan of Star Trek and Caroline Munro (star of countless British "B" science fiction and splatter movies) for a day-long convention and cabaret. The day will start at 11 (doors open at 10) with autographs and videos (including hard to see episodes of Worzel Gummidge, Jon's legendary British TV show with him starring as a living scarecrow—don't miss these, they're incredibly wonderful), followed by panels with each of the stars (Jon will go on around 2 or 3 pm), then more videos and autographs, and then the day will end in the evening with Jon's famous cabaret act. All this for only $10 in advance ($12 at the door). There will also be a full dealer's room and the area's local fan clubs will be in full attendance as volunteers and dealers.

Incidentally, Ticketron seems to be giving out the wrong date for Jon's Trenton show. Whatever you may hear from Ticketron, the Trenton show is definitely on Saturday, October 18.

The next weekend, Jon will be in Manhattan for Infinicon, a three-day science fiction convention, from Friday October 24 through Sunday October 26, at the auditorium of the Society for Ethical Culture, . Also attending will be George "Sulu" Takei of Star Trek and others. Tickets are $25 for all three days, $10 for any single day.

Finally, Sunday, November 9, Jon will be at the Philadlphia University Hilton Hotel along with James Doohan, Caroline Munro, and Paul Darrow (Avon of Blake's Seven)! Again, advance tickets are $10.

For tickets call any Ticketron outlet

Don't miss the Pertwee Tour!

Jagaroth Party open to all!

The Jersey Jagaroth, our northern New Jersey Brothers (and Sisters) in Who, will be formally installing their newly-elected Cabinet Officers at a big gala party on Saturday, October 11, from 3 pm till whenever at the home of Eileen Freeman, Cabinet Officer-elect. This promises to be a sensational afternoon, complete with filk songs, trivia contest, food, and lots more. Not the least of the lots more is the chance to see Eileen's incredible Gallifreyan robes for herself and her co-Cabinet officers, Prime Minister Mark Modig and Cabinet Officer-elect Mike Fagan. Those

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New on Who!

Season Twenty-Three of Doctor Who finally went on the air in Great Britain on Saturday, September 6. Episode One of the season's single, fourteen-week-long story, "The Trial of a Time Lord" (originally part one of a script by Robert Holmes entitled "The Mysterious Planet") brought back Colin Baker as the Sixth Doctor and Nicola Bryant (with a new, much longer hair style) as Companion Peri Brown. Also new were Colin's ascot (red with white polka dots

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Editorials

Talk to us!

From time to time, we issue clarion calls in the newsletter asking for members to get more involved in the club's activities. We ask for convention volunteers, or fundraiser volunteers, or hosts for meetings, or contributions to The Renegade, or something. Only a handful of members ever respond to these pleas. We assume that most members are content merely to receive the newsletter and that they enjoy it and that that's enough for them. Fine. You can't force people to get more involved than they want to, and if most members are satisfied with what they're getting, fine. But just in case there are members who want to get more involved but feel uncomfortable about doing so, because they perceive the club as being run by a small clique, we'd like to find out what you, the members, would like to do that you perhaps feel you can't. If there are any members who have been reluctant to get involved for whatever reason, please let us know about it. We have never consciously tried to discourage involvement, but if it's happening despite our best efforts, then something must change. Whatever people want this club to become, we'll be happy to try and move it in that direction. But you have to let us know. We'll be sending out a membership survey soon, but you needn't wait for that. Give any one of the High Council a call. Tell us what you want out of your club, and how we can serve you better. That's what we're here for.

It's about time!

Those of you who never got your membership card should find it in your copy of this month's Renegade. We apologise for the delay in producing and sending you your cards.

Give blame where it's due

We have heard from a number of members about a problem at the Philadelphia Tom Baker–Colin Baker show. The autograph line was badly handled, we are told, and then was cut short before many fans had a chance to get Tom Baker's autograph. Colin Baker came outside the hotel ballroom to continue signing until all present got his autograph, but Tom Baker didn't. So, many fans paid $16 or more, and didn't get what they came for. Although The Prydonians had nothing to do with that show (we had a dealer table outside the ballroom), we did help publicise it and feel bad about anyone who didn't get Tom Baker's autograph. The proper place to address any complaints is the convention promoter, Excalibur, LTD, the British firm that took over Spirit of Light Enterprises this year. Their address is 4805 West Irving Park Road, Chicago, IL, 60641.

Inside the Renegade

For those of you who may have been wondering just how The Renegade is put together, we thought we'd let you in on the technological secrets behind this marvel of crisp typography and witty word wizardry. The Renegade is edited on an Apple Macintosh Plus computer using Microsoft Word and MacPublisher II software, printed on an Apple LaserWriter Plus printer, and then photocopied on a Toshiba copier. The Mac Plus and the software belong to editor Tom Beck, the LaserWriter Plus is the property of the Princeton University School of Engineering Microcomputer Applications Lab, and the Toshiba is rented by fanzine editor and fan writer extraordinaire Susan Garrett (whose wonderful help is hereby gratefully acknowledged). A regular group of members gets together once a month to fold, staple, and stamp all 700 or so Renegades for mailing, and the US Post Awful takes over from there. We do it all for you.

The High Council of The Prydonians of Prynceton

Tom Beck—membership secretary, editor of The Renegade, convention volunteer coordinator. 359 Nassau Street, Princeton, NJ, 08540, 609-921-8148.

Cynthia Moreno—coordinator for southern New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

Kim Elaine Neighbor—fundraising. 717 Trumbull Avenue, Lawrenceville, NJ, 08648, 609-396-2858.

Mimi Oakley—special projects. 3-04 Quail Ridge Drive, Plainsboro, NJ, 08536.

Sue Osmers—treasurer. 960 Queens Drive, Yardley, PA, 19067.

Dave Smith—minister of transportation. 247 Tioga Street, Trenton, NJ, 08609. 609-396-2221.

The Prydonian Renegade is published monthly by The Prydonians of Prynceton, inc., a Doctor Who Fan Club. Address: Gallifrey East, 359 Nassau Street, Princeton, NJ, 08540. Telephone: 609-921-8148. **Doctor Who is ©1986 BBC. This newsletter is intended solely to inform and entertain the club's members and not to infringe upon anyone's lawful copyright. Unsigned articles may be reprinted by other not-for-profit clubs. Signed articles may only be reprinted with the written permission of the editor of The Renegade.** **Membership in The Prydonians is $6 annually for individuals, $8 for households. The Prydonians of Prynceton are a charter chapter of the Doctor Who Fan Club of America (DWFCA) and are a member of the North East Matrix and the APC Net. See you in an hour, Vila.**

Letters to *The Renegade*

Dear Prydonians:

While I'm at it, I'll just toss in a couple of kudos for the fine job you do on *The Renegade*. It really is a pleasure to find in my mailbox every month.

Although I must put in my two cents about the Adric shenanigans. In my opinion, it is the responsibility of a fan club to present whatever news and information they have in the most accurate manner possible, if it is presented at all. By deliberately deceiving the membership without stating so in that issue, all of *The Renegade's* news items become suspect. The integrity of the newsletter has been compromised. It's one thing to print an April Fool's issue. It's quite another to stick a false article in the middle of an otherwise straight issue. Looking back, it was very funny. But I do feel betrayed in some way, and I doubt I can ever trust *The Renegade* any more. *Games* Magazine prints a fake ad in each issue, but they announce it in the table of contents and reveal it in the answer section. There's a big difference between that and what *The Renegade* did.

Aside from that, *The Renegade* is excellent. Season previews are a delight, especially with the delay in bringing new episodes across the ocean. It's fun to hear what other DW clubs around the country are doing—please maintain this feature, perhaps enhancing it by doint an in-depth look at one club each issue. And, um, I don't suppose you know of any DW/SF club in the Rhode Island area?

Peter Sarrett

Perhaps we shouldn't have stuck the first "Return of Adric" rumor at the end of an otherwise legitimate story on the new season of Doctor Who. On the other hand, there were plenty of clues in the rest of the issue that all was not as it seemed: the issue was dated April First, Michael Grade supposedly made the announcement of Adric's resurrection on April First, and in the page two publication information, the tag line read: "Don't worry—April First only comes once a year!" We're sorry that you feel you can no longer trust The Renegade, as we've worked really hard to make it especially trustworthy. You can

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Upcoming Creation Conventions

Creation's next conventions in our area have been announced for November. On the weekend of November 15-16, Louise (Leela) Jameson will be at the Holiday Inn City Center, 1800 Market Street, Philadelphia. David Gerrold, writer of Star Trek's "The Trouble with Tribbles," will also be a guest.

Then, on November 28-30, Creation's 16th Annual Thanksgiving Convention will feature John Leeson, the original voice of K(and one of the world's silliest men—at the 1985 Phoenixcon, he showed up for the convention banquet, a Hawaiian Luau, dressed in nothing but a grass skirt!). Jonathan Harris, Dr. Smith of Lost in Space, will also be there, along with Majel Barret, Nurse Chapel of Star Trek. This will be at the Omni Park Central Hotel, 56th Street and 7th Avenue in Manhattan.

More upcoming cons

Fall-Con, the Buffalo Time Council's Doctor Who convention for October 25-26, has announced Patrick Troughton as an invited guest of honour. The convention will be held at the Best Western Red Jacket Inn in Niagar Falls, NY. There will be a 24-hour video room, costume contests, and lots of dealers. Tickets are $17 for either day and $30 for both. Send checks to Fall-Con, c/o Sandi Lieber, 221 Princeton Avenue #2, Eggertsville, NY 14226. For information on Fall-Con, call Sandi Lieber at 716-832-8581.

TARDIS 23, the annual Chicago superconvention, has announced its confirmed guests: Colin Baker, Peter Davison, and Patrick Troughton; John Nathan-Turner, Janet Fielding, Frazer Hines, Richard Franklin, Mark Strickson, and Lalla Ward, with more to come. The convention will be held November 28-30 at the Hyatt Regency O'Hare, Rosemont, IL. Special room rates are available by calling 312-696-1234. Convention tickets are $35 for three days, $30 for two, and $23.50 for one day. Cabaret tickets are $20 and receptions (which were so successful and entertaining at Whovent '86 East) will be $16. There will be a costume contest and a filksong contest, and a special all-fan production of Richard Franklin's play Recall UNIT. Tickets are available from TicketMaster locations or by calling 800-549-4000, or by sending a money order and SASE to Excalibur Corporation, 4805 W. Irving Park Road, Chicago, IL, 60641.

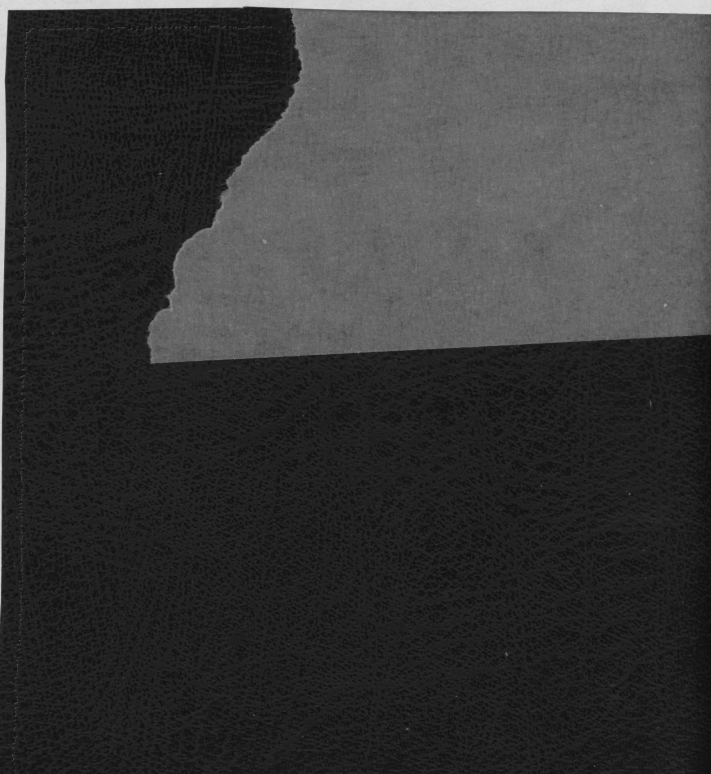
Prydonian in distress!

Recently, well-known sf author and honorary Prydonian Geo. A. Effinger suffered the loss of all his property in a house fire. Geo. is home from the hospital now, nursing second degree burns which cover most of his body. To help him recover some of his tragic los,s his good friend and fellow sf author Harlan Ellison has agreed to donate an autographed hardcover first edition of one of his books to the Prydonians. This book will be raffled off and all proceeds sent to Geo. We'd like to thank harlan for his generosity, and don't forget to look for Geo.'s new book *When Gravity Failed* coming from Arbor House in January 1987.

New Colin Baker Club!

Colin Baker's Crazy Bunch, a new club for all you Haxaphiles out there, is being started by Prydonian June Savas, with Colin's official approval and support! The club is dedicated to bringing you the lates news on a very talented actor and will try to help you get to know the man behind Doctor #6. Dues are $8, entitling you to a membership card, a photo of Colin, his biography and credit list (so you can track him down) and a quarterly newsletter. Send checks or money orders (payable to June Savas) to: Colin Baker's Crazy Bunch, June Savas, President, PO Box 57, Forest Hills, New York, 11375.

Do you know these men? Colin Baker and Tom Baker, ta



Scorpio Con IV Report

by Dave Smith

Scorpio IV, a Blake's Seven/British media convention, was held August 15–7 at the Hyatt Oakbrook Hotel just outside Chicago. It was really the third in this series of major B7 conventions held in America; Scorpio I was in fact little more than a glorified house party (as it organizers would attest!)

This time, there were two video rooms, one showing a three-day, twelve hour Blake's Seven marathon (all 52 episodes!), while the other presented other British shows as well as fan-made tapes from this country. I spent only about half of my time in the video rooms, as there was so much else to do at the con, but I did enjoy seeing many episodes that won't be appearing in our area for a month or so, including the infamous last episode (no, I won't tell you how it ends, but let's just say that after seeing it, I sat there stunned for many minutes).

The official opening ceremonies began at 2 pm on Friday with a panel of the guests, who included Terry Nation, Paul ("Avon") Darrow, Michael ("Vila") Keating, Jacqueline ("Servalan") Pearce, Scott Fredericks (a guest star in the episode "Weapon"), and Mark Ryan (who appeared in a new version of "Robin of Sherwood" with Jason Connery). Brian Croucher (the second Travis) couldn't make it, but did send a videotape in which he talked about the show. This partly amused and partly frustrated the fans.

There was one big panel session each day. They were all very informative and highly amusing. Even the guests found out things they hadn't known before. For instance, Terry Nation had once written for a British comedian named Tony Hancock, and when he created Vila, he tried to make the character similar to his former employer. Michael Keating was a fan of Tony Hancock's, and, unbeknownst to Nation until this weekend, played Vila as Tony Hancock would have, unaware that that's how Nation was writing the part!

Mark Ryan, the only non–B7 guest, kept himself from feeling left out by accidentally starting a running gag about how most of his scenes in "Robin and Sherwood" showed him saying nothing and having to act with his eyebrows only. This led to a neverending series of eyebrow jokes all weekend long.

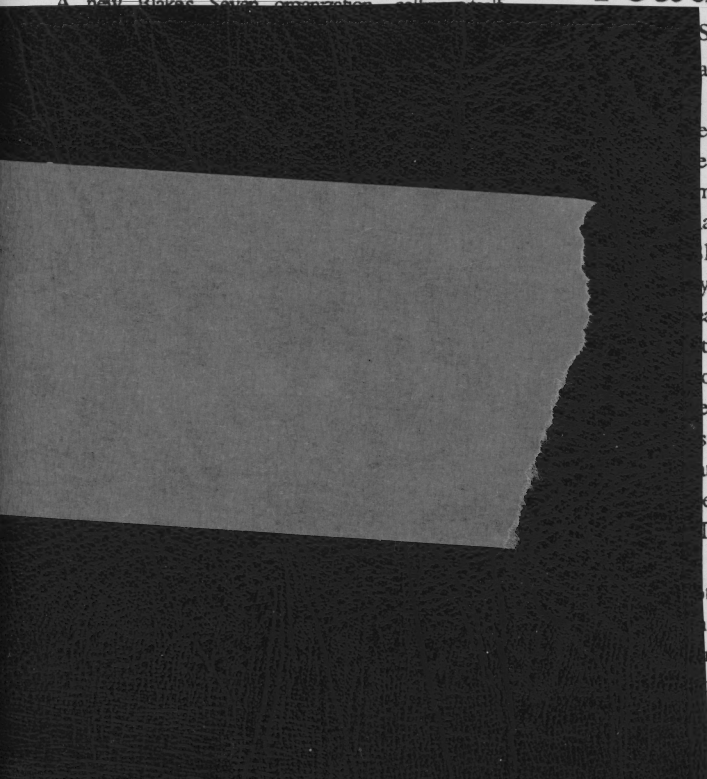
In the evening wree events such as a costume contest (the top winner was a woman in a medieval costume which she tore off to reveal a Peri Brown lookalike from Doctor Who!); a cabaret at which stars and fans participated (many of the acts were dramatic readings and other sorts of presentations not usually seen at convention cabarets); an auction, an award presentation, and a gift-giving ceremony.

Overall, I'd say that Scorpio IV was well organized, well attended, very entertaining, and, like this article, too short to appreciate fully. Since they will need volunteers at next year's Scorpio V, I look forward to writing a volunteer's report for you in 1987!

We'd like to thank Deb Walsh, one of the creators of "A Fan's Guide to Blake's 7," for her permission to reprint it and distribute it as a special supplement with this issue of The Renegade. We'd also like to thank Prydonian Laurie Cohen for arranging things with Deb.

New Blake's Seven Fan Network!

A new Blake's Seven organization call[illegible]



Join the escape— read Blake's Seven fanzines!

Susan M. Garrett

al in the States several years ago of Blake's Seven, fanzine artists ediately started work adding new e tales of Blake and his intrepid magine the reaction, then, when ast episode of the fourth season lake and company were all dead! y arose:

ad—they're only stunned!"

tion, every Blake's Seven writer or her at least one version of the e "fifth season," showing how t managed to survive the BBC's te them.

est Blake's Seven fanzines are no Too bad, because some of them fiction ever published on any t to omit anyone, here's a list of zines currently available. If you r for more information, please se a SASE.

Fifth Season (#4 is the most recent) is a very LARGE publication carrying exceptional writers and artists, under the direction of Sheila Willis, SPICE PRESS, 9342 Edmonston Road #204, Greenbelt, MD, 20770 (I recommend this one strongly).

Southern Seven may not yet be in print, but from what I've seen and heard, this should be an excellent buy. Ann Wortham, 1402 Allison Avenue, Altamonte Springs, FL, 32701.

B-7 Complex is still going strong after several issues and includes some of the first generation of US B7 fans. Deb Walsh,346 Ferry Street #3, Malden, MA, 02148.

Other more recent additons include:
Magnificent 7—Pony Press, 15215 Victory Boulevard #213, Van Nuys, CA, 91423.
Time Distort—Fantasea Press, PO Box 397, Midlothian, IL, 60445.

Background

The brainchild of prolific television writer Terry Nation, **Blake's 7** premiered on the BBC in Britain in January 1978. Since then, it has played in more than 32 countries, including Australia and New Zealand, and now finally, the United States. Commissioned as two series of 13 episodes each, **Blake's 7** became so popular in Britain that two additional series were produced. The final episode, "Blake," drew an audience of 10 million people when it was first aired in December 1981. Several years later, ardent fans of the series are still calling for a fifth series.

The 52 episodes of **Blake's 7** are set in Earth's distant future, a time following global nuclear war, and the subsequent reconstruction of society. Under a unified Earth government, man has pushed out toward the stars, and the now-corrupt Terran Federation holds thousands of worlds in its power. Order is maintained on those worlds through the threat of military might, and through the use of suppressant drugs and fear. Rebellion, and even personal freedom, are words that have been all but struck from the vocabulary of the world of **Blake's 7**.

Yet, even under the most indomitable rule, there are those who cry out for freedom, for justice, and who fight to restore the balance. Against the backdrop of a fast-moving science fiction series, the struggle to maintain personal freedom and dignity against the faceless, emotionless monolith of government is played out.

In **Blake's 7**, Earth houses its population in domed cities, with carefully monitored drug supplies added constantly to food and water. To venture outside the domes, where the air is, according to official reports, still contaminated from the nuclear wars, is a capital crime. But official truth often hides lies, and the atmosphere of the Earth has long-since cleared itself. It is outside the regulated, monitored, and controlled environments of the domes, however, that the rebels must meet covertly to plan their fight against the Federation.

The Story

The series opens with **Roj Blake**, one-time rebel leader, who has been conditioned by the Federation to renounce his rebel activities, and then forced to forget even the renunciation. Now a model citizen, he is nonetheless intrigued when a rebel cell lures him outside the dome to a rebel meeting. Forced to remember the injustices he has undergone at the hands of the Federation, he is witness to a slaughter, as Federation security forces massacre the rebels. With Blake still a threat, alive or dead, the Federation Administration arrests him, and carefully fabricates a story to discredit him, sentencing him to life servitude on a penal planet far outside the Earth system.

En route to that distant planet, Blake enlists the aid of fellow prisoners — **Vila Restal**, talented thief; **Olag Gan**, a man of great size and strength; **Jenna Stannis**, a skilled pilot and smuggler; and **Kerr Avon**, the galaxy's best computer expert. Together, they stage an ill-fated bid to take over the ship. But when the penal ship encounters a massive, unmanned and alien spacecraft, it is Blake, Jenna, and Avon who are sent across to investigate. As troublesome prisoners, their lives are disposable.

But the ship is a prize beyond value. Overcoming its auto-defense system, Blake, Jenna and Avon claim the ship as their own, naming it "Liberator." Securing the assistance of the ship's master computer, **Zen**, and mastering the ship's teleport capabilities, they follow the prison ship to its destination, and free the prisoners. Vila and Gan join the crew, and the rebels of the *Liberator* embark on a campaign to wrest power from the corrupt Administration. In their first encounter against the Federation, they locate **Cally**, a telepathic rebel from the planet Auron, and the ship's crew complement is filled.

News of Blake's exploits travels fast through the Federation, creating a sense of legend about the man, his crew, and his ship. The task of eliminating the "Blake problem" is entrusted to **Supreme Commander Servalan**, the beautiful and dangerous head of Federation Space Command. Enlisting the aid of **Space Commander Travis**, whose monomania is to kill Blake at any cost, Servalan coordinates the offensive against the rebel movement. Abortive attempts to capture Blake, while keeping the *Liberator* intact, garner criticism from the Federation's High Council. When Blake's people capture the super-computer **ORAC** right under Servalan and Travis's eyes, the imperative to capture Blake becomes a truly personal one.

In the second series, Blake centers his efforts on locating and destroying the Federation's computer control complex, Central Control. Pinpointing its location to an underground bunker on Earth, Blake leads an unsuccessful raid, and Gan is killed in the escape. Blake does learn, however, that Central Control has been moved off Earth to a station called "Star One." Meanwhile, Travis's bungling of Blake's capture earns him a courtmartial, while Servalan seeks to clear herself of any suspicion. During Travis's trial, the *Liberator* attacks Space Command, allowing Travis to escape, as much an outlaw now as Blake, but with only one purpose: to hunt Blake down and kill him. And right behind him will be Servalan, ready to kill them both.

The search for Star One takes the *Liberator* crew to many planets, piecing together information leading to the exact location of the computer complex. Meanwhile, the control systems of Star One are beginning to break down, causing accidents and disasters on hundreds of worlds. The location of Star One is a secret, even to the Federation, to prevent any individual from claiming control and holding the Federation at ransom. Only the technicians on the station, exiled there for life, and a renegade cybersurgeon know the exact coordinates. But the current crisis demands that the location be found, and in order to salvage what she can of the Federation, Servalan assumes control.

When the *Liberator* arrives at Star One, they find the complex has been taken over by alien invaders from the Andromeda galaxy. Conspiring with the outlawed Travis, the aliens plan to deactivate the satellite mine field protecting the Federation's galaxy, and destroy man on all his planets. Finding Blake in the complex, Travis wounds him, but is himself killed by Avon. The crew's imperative becomes not to destroy Star One, but to save it, and to hold off the massive alien fleet until reinforcements called from the Federation arrive. The second series closes with Avon's order to "Fire!"

The third series opens as the battle is winding down. Star One is destroyed, but the alien fleet is held back. The *Liberator*, now assisted by Federation ships, sustains serious damage, and Zen forces the crew to evacuate in life support capsules. Each crewmember is deposited on a different planet, to await the completion of *Liberator*'s self-repair.

Avon lands on the planet Sarran, where he is befriended by **Dayna Mellanby**. Dayna is leading Avon to her father's underground base, when they encounter Servalan, who, having declared herself president, came out to the battle area to coordinate personally, and was herself shot down. Dayna agrees to assist Servalan as well, and takes them both into her father's base. Servalan attempts to convince Avon to hand over ORAC, and share power with her. When Avon refuses, Servalan plot to steal ORAC. Dayna's father tries to prevent her, but Servalan kills him, and escapes with ORAC. Avon must find Servalan to recover ORAC, and he finds an ally in Dayna, who seeks revenge on Servalan. They locate both Servalan and ORAC, but before Dayna uses her chance to kill Servalan, the *Liberator* comes in range and teleports them up.

On the ship they find security forces have taken over, under the command of Captain **Del Tarrant**. However, Tarrant is a renegade, like themselves, and is merely posing as a Federation officer. He helps Avon and Dayna eliminate the Federation forces, while the *Liberator* searches for the remaining crewmembers. Vila and Cally, both transported to an organ transplant bank, where they will be used for raw material, are teleported just in time. Blake and Jenna are not located.

During the third series, the crew of the *Liberator* continue searching for their lost comrades, staying only one step ahead of President Servalan and her reconstructed Federation. As always, they do not consistently come out ahead, but continue to survive. Finally, Avon begins receiving messages, ostensibly from Blake, and he commandeers the ship to go to the source to the signals. There, Servalan has laid a carefully constructed trap, using computer imaging and drug therapy, to convince Avon that Blake is still alive, although seriously injured, and she will trade Blake for the *Liberator*. En route to the planet, known as Terminal, the *Liberator* has passed through a field of corrosive enzymes, and while Avon makes his deal with Servalan, the rest of the crew fight to keep the ship intact. Finally, the battle is lost, and even Zen ceases to function. The crew give up the ship, not letting on to Servalan that it is damaged beyond repair. As she prepares to teleport to the ship, Servalan tells Avon that Blake is dead, and that he played into her hands beautifully. With her minions, she teleports to the crippled ship, and attempting to move away from Terminal, triggers its destruction. Servalan teleports off the ship to an unknown location, while the crew watch their ship disintegrate in silence.

The fourth series begins with the Terminal base in flames, as charges planted by Servalan are set off. Cally is killed, but Tarrant, Dayna, Vila and Avon, along with ORAC, survive. They are rescued by an itinerant scrap merchant named Dorian, who turns out to be more dangerous than even Servalan. Taking them to his base on Xenon, he introduces them to **Soolin**, a beautiful mercenary gunfighter and his only companion. When Dorian's intentions to kill them all become evident, the crew unite with Soolin and fight back, destroying him. Later, Soolin agrees to join with them.

Dorian's ship, *Scorpio*, is partially equipped with teleport, and with ORAC's help, Avon manages to complete the design to make it operational. Avon also adapts the *Scorpio*'s subservient master flight computer, **Slave**, to accept their commands. Armed with a new ship, Avon and crew attempt to stem the tide of the Federation's continued expansion.

Meanwhile, Servalan has resurfaced as Chief of Security **Sleer**. Following her long absence, the Federation has taken control back from Servalan, hunting down and executing anyone connected with the "late" president. In the guise of Sleer, Servalan intends to recapture control of the Federation, and eliminating Avon and his crew becomes a priority, as they are the only the people left who can positively identify her as the much-hated Servalan. Servalan uses a pacification drug to regain control over whole populations, and discovering the preventative drug, Avon attempts to organize other rebel groups for a concerted move against the Federation and Servalan. When Servalan plants a spy among those groups, the Xenon base is destroyed, and the *Scorpio* and its crew must escape.

Avon instructs the ship to travel to Gauda Prime, announcing that using ORAC, he has traced Blake's path since Star One. He intends to find Blake, and using him as a figurehead, set up a rebel force to destroy Servalan. Soolin warns that any operation on Gauda Prime is doomed — she is a native of the planet, and was forced to leave when mining concerns executed her family in the name of "justice." However, Avon is not deterred.

In Gauda Prime's airspace, the *Scorpio* is attacked, and Tarrant is forced to crash land the ship. The others teleport off, while Tarrant vainly attempts to bring the ship under control. Finally, the ship is downed, and Tarrant is seriously injured. He is found by a badly disfigured Blake, who makes his living as a bounty hunter on Gauda Prime. Blake takes Tarrant to his base, where he puts him to the test. Misunderstanding, Tarrant flees, and rejoins the rest of *Scorpio*'s crew, who have infiltrated the base with ORAC's help. Tarrant tells them that Blake has betrayed them all, and Avon believes him. When Blake enters the room, Avon shoots him. As Blake lies dead at his feet, Avon is faced with a spy in Blake's group — a Federation officer assigned to close down Blake's covert rebel organization, and his recruiting base on Gauda Prime. Federation troops invade, and gun down all but Avon. As the fourth series closes, Avon stands over Blake's body, surrounded by armed Federation troopers.

NOTE: The scriptwriter, Chris Boucher, and director, Mary Ridge, of the final episode, "Blake," claim that only Blake is dead; the others are only stunned. So this may ***not*** *be the end of the* ***Blake's 7*** *saga.*

Character and Cast Listings

(Alphabetical by character)

Kerr **Avon**.....*Paul Darrow*
Roj **Blake**.....*Gareth Thomas*
Cally.....*Jan Chappell*
Dayna Mellanby.....*Josette Simon*
Olag **Gan**.....*David Jackson*
Jenna Stannis.....*Sally Knyvette*
ORAC.....*voice by Peter Tuddenham*
Servalan.....*Jacqueline Pearce*
Slave.....*voice by Peter Tuddenham*
Soolin.....*Glynis Barber*
Del **Tarrant**.....*Steven Pacey*
Space Commander **Travis** (series 1).....*Stephen Greif*
Space Commander **Travis** (series 2).....*Brian Croucher*
Vila Restal.....*Michael Keating*
Zen.....*voice by Peter Tuddenham*

Series 1
The Way Back
Spacefall
Cygnus Alpha
Time Squad
The Web
Seek-Locate-Destroy
Mission to Destiny
Duel
Project Avalon
Breakdown
Bounty
Deliverance
ORAC

Series 2
Redemption
Shadow
Weapon
Horizon
Pressure Point
Trial
Killer
Hostage
Countdown
Voice from the Past
Gambit
The Keeper
Star One

Series 3
Aftermath
Powerplay
Volcano
Dawn of the Gods
The Harvest of Kairos
The City at the Edge of the World
Children of Auron
Rumours of Death
Sarcophagus
Ultraworld
Moloch
Death-Watch
Terminal

Series 4
Rescue
Power
Traitor
Stardrive
Headhunter
Animals
Assassin
Games
Sand
Gold
Orbit
Warlord
Blake

Fan clubs and fan publications (known as "fanzines") are operated for fun, not for profit. **Always include a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE) with correspondence.** For overseas correspondence, include a self-addressed envelope (SAE) and two (2) International Reply Coupons (IRCs), available at your local post office.

Fan Clubs

The Federation
c/o Chris Brainerd
5939 S. Komensky
Chicago, IL 60629

Horizon
c/o Heather Lulham
The Vineries
51, Chertsey Road
Ashford, Middlesex
ENGLAND
Publishes: *Horizon* newsletter, fanzines *Horizon, Alternative 7*

Space Commander Travis

Blake's 7 A-Z
An index of Blake's 7 fan fiction
Published by Emma Abraham
7389 N. Damen No. 3W
Chicago, IL 60645
Cross-referenced index of fan-written stories, fanzines, authors, artists, and subject matter, up to July 1984.)

Down and Unsafe
Published by Kathy Hanson
39 Marriotts Road
North Beach
Christchurch 9
NEW ZEALAND

Liberator Atlanta
c/o Laura Wilson
230 Brook Drive
Atlanta, GA 30328
Publishes: Monthly newsletter, *Xenon Signals*
Sponsors: Monthly local Atlanta club meetings

Scorpio
4064 Appleby Lane
Richton Park, IL 60471
Publishes: *Signals from Scorpio*
Sponsors: Monthly local Chicago club meetings, annual convention

Stardrive
c/o Brendan O'Hara
1007 N. Lawrence
Philadelphia, PA 19123
Publishes: *Liberator* newsletter
Sponsors: Local Philadelphia club meetings

Vilaworld
c/o Yvette Clarke
85 Brendon Green
Millbrook, Southampton
Hants SO1 4BE
ENGLAND
Publishes: *Vilaworld* newsletter, fanzines *Interface* and *Quicksilver Rising*

Supreme Commander Servalan

Fan publications (fanzines)

Forbidden Zone
Published by M.A.R.E.C. Press
c/o June Beck
18320 Mulberry Terrace
Country Club Hill, IL 60471
(Adult content — proof of age required)

Horizon
Published by Horizon
c/o Heather Lulham
The Vineries
51, Chertsey Road
Ashford, Middlesex
ENGLAND
Also publishes **Alternative 7** *(Adult content — proof of age required)*

Dayna Mellanby

Interface
c/o Yvette Clarke
85 Brendon Green
Millbrook, Southampton
Hants SO1 4BE
ENGLAND
Also publishes **Quicksilver Rising** *(Adult content — proof of age required)*

Del Tarrant

Slave
Published by Alex Delicado
42 Dinton House
Lilestone Street
London NW8 8ST
ENGLAND

Pursuit Press
c/o Deborah M. Walsh
346 Ferry Street #3
Malden, MA 02148
Publishes **B7 Complex**, original *Blake's 7* fan novels

Spice Press
c/o Sheila Willis
9342 Edmonston Road #204
Greenbelt, MD 20770
Publishes **Fifth Season**, original *Blake's 7* fan novels

Streisau Press
c/o Regina Gottesman
100 W. 94th Street
New York, NY 10025
Publishes **Erranty** *(Blake's 7*, general media), original *Blake's 7* fan novels

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A fan's guide to Blake's 7

- Background
- The Story
- Cast Credits
- Fan clubs
- Fan publications
- Merchandise
- Conventions

The crew of the *Liberator* (clockwise from left) **Cally, Blake, Avon, Jenna, Vila, ORAC, and Gan.**

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Professional merchandise

Blake's 7 by Trevor Hoyle
First 6 episodes novelized
Sphere Books
30/32 Gray's Inn Road
London WC1X 8JL
ENGLAND

Project Avalon by Trevor Hoyle
Episodes 8-13 novelized
Arrow Books, Ltd.
3 Fitzroy Square
London W1P 6JD
ENGLAND

Scorpio Attack by Trevor Hoyle
Episodes 40-43 novelized
BBC Books
35 Marylebone High Street
London W1M 4AA
ENGLAND

Afterlife by Tony Attwood
Original novel
Target Books
W.H. Allen & Co., PLC
44 Hill Street
London W1X 8LB

Blake's 7 Programme Guide by Tony Attwood
Episode synopses, glossary, and series background
See **Afterlife**

Blake's 7 Monthly published by Marvel U.K.
No longer in production, but selected issues *may* be available through:
The Perfect Mailing Company
(Marvel) Maldon, Essex
ENGLAND CM9 6EY

Starlog TV Episode Guides Volume 2
Episode synopses for first three series
Starlog Press
475 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016

Blake's 7 Theme / The Federation March
45 rpm #BBC 452
Distributed by Gemcom, Inc.
P.O. Box 5087
F.D.R. Station
New York, NY 10150

Soolin

Conventions

Scorpio
Blake's 7—British media convention (held annually)
Invited guests include Jan Chappell, Brian Croucher, Paul Darrow, Scott Fredericks, Michael Keating, Sally Knyvette, Terry Nation, Jacqueline Pearce, Janet Lees Price, Gareth Thomas, Sheelagh Wells.
P.O. Box 504
Berwyn, IL 60402
Scorpio IV is scheduled for August 15-17, 1986.

Blake's 7 stars are occasionally invited to American SF, media, and *Doctor Who* conventions as well. Current details are usually available through the various *Blake's 7* clubs.

The Nature of the Beast

by Joe Nazarro

(this story took second place in the story contest)

Excerpted from The Journal of Sarah Jane Smith (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1986, £15.50)

[In December 1973 journalist Sarah Jane Smith disappeared from a scientific conference she was covering in London. On October 23, 1976 she was picked up by a truckdriver outside Southhampton. She was carrying many unusual objects, some of them ancient, others of extraterrestrial origin. The Journal of Sarah Jane Smith is an account of those three elusive years in between, the time she spent in the company of a mysterious traveler called the Doctor.

In Chapter 1, "My Adventure Begins," Smith relates her first meeting with the Doctor and their subsequent voyage back to the Middle Ages in his craft, the TARDIS. The second chapter, "The Dinosaur Invasion," reveals the truth about Operation Golden Age. Her story is supported by recently declassified documents of the United Nations Intelligence Taskforce. In Chapter 3, "The Nature of the Beast," Smith recounts her most terrifying experience with the Doctor: the time he was inexplicably transformed into a mindless, ravenous monster...]

Looking back over the many months I spent with the Doctor (time, of course, being relative), some adventures take on an almost dreamlike quality as I write about them. There is one incident, though, unreal as it seems now, which will always be burned into my memory.

I was relaxing in my room on level four of the TARDIS, when I first heard a sound that raised the hair on the back of my neck. Although I had a virtually unlimited choice of rooms in the Doctor's ship, I had chosen this room because it was small, cozy, and close to the console room one flight upstairs. My quarters had originally been decorated by a girl named Victoria Waterfield, a former companion of the Doctor. She had filled it with nineteenth century antiques to make it seem "more like home" to her. In addition, most of the clothing she had left behind fit me perfectly, so I had a complete, although charmingly old-fashioned, wardrobe.

The sound traveled through the corridor outside, low at first, then rising in pitch until it became a shriek, like that of metal tearing. I dropped the gilt-edged deck of cards with which I had been playing solitaire and raced out into the hallway. The cry, if that's what it was, wavered and became a series of low moans, which I followed to the end of the corridor and into the gallery beyond.

This was the Doctor's "Green Room," one of his favourite retreats: a huge area filled with plants, trees, even small animals gathered from hundreds of planets across the universe. I picked my way through the vegetation, noticing that the usually clean air was clogged with an acrid grey-green smoke. Its source was a small fire burning in the clearing. Next to it, I could make out a figure crouching on all fours. As I drew nearer, my foot trod upon a brittle white object, which splintered with a small crack, like that of a bone breaking. Hearing the sound, the creature looked up, startled; our eyes met and my blood ran cold with recognition. The huddled creature was the Doctor.

His hair was damp and matted, nothing like the lustrous mane of which he was normally so proud. His velvet jacket was tattered, torn in a dozen places, as though he had run headlong through a patch of brambles. From one pocket protruded a long, naked tail, like that of a small muskrat. His black shoes, usually polished to a bright sheen, were spattered with mud and what looked like bloodstains.

As I looked down, I discovered that the clearing in which we were standing was littered with small carcasses—of squirrels, birds, and other animals that I couldn't recognise. Most of them had been picked clean (the object on which I'd stepped had indeed been a pile of bones); more were still roasting on makeshift spits over the fire. As I watched in horror, the Doctor plucked one of the roasted animals from its crude skewer and devoured it in seconds. He then threw the bones on the ground and wiped his chin with a greasy handkerchief. It was only then that he noticed my presence. He looked up at me and frowned.

"Really, Sarah Jane," he declared. "If you're going to join me for dinner, I do wish you wouldn't be late!"

"I...I'm sorry, Doctor," I stammered, taken aback. "I didn't...I had no idea where you were!" It was a lame response, I knew, but the best I could manage. My head felt heavy; it was all too much for my mind to absorb. Still, my answer seemed to please him.

"No matter!" he exclaimed. "You're here. We have several stops to make, so let's be off!"

"Where are we going?" I questioned.

"Why, to sample some of the finest foods in the universe, of course!" he replied, his eyes gleaming. Without warning, he turned and strode out of the glade, into the corridor, and toward the Console Room. All I could do was trail behind.

What followed over the next several hours was a whirlwind of dining, feasting, carousing, in places of all possible sizes and descriptions: so many that I could not even begin to count, let alone list, them all. Our first stop was a small cafe on a distant space outpost, where our food was served in a spinning transparent globe almost four feet in diameter. We then journeyed to ancient Greece for the feast of Dionysus, where our plates were continuously replenished (to my disgust) by manacled slave girls who flitted like moths from table to table. From thence, our epicurean jaunts came more and more frequently. A sidewalk stand beneath the not-yet-Leaning Tower of Pisa. A lobster house on an island off the coast of still-standing Atlantis. A pressure domed atrium on Callisto (for fresh space whale). A taco palace in 1860 Ciudad de Mexico. Even the annual Lilliputian Summer Festival, where the tiny inhabitants scurried to and fro carrying platters many times larger than themselves.

Through it all, the Doctor was as a man possessed, ordering dozens of different meals simultaneously and then devouring them almost instantly and calling for seconds. He insulted waiters, abused serving maids, tormented bartenders. In one instance, a certain dish was not prepared to his perfect satisfaction and I though he would throttle the hapless waitress in a fit of rage.

Most of the time, he was oblivious to my presence, and twice I thought he had left me behind: once in Constantinople and again on Venus (neither of which was exactly within walking distance of South Croydon). Under different circumstances, the whole experience might have been rather thrilling. As it was, I thought I was in the middle of a nightmare from which I would never awake.

Our last stop was some castle belonging to King Henry VIII, in whose dining hall some celebratory feast was already in progress. As we entered the hall, the Doctor was instantly recognised by several of the nobles, and two seats were quickly added to the great table. Huge trays of food were placed in front of us, and from the way the Doctor tore into them, one would think he hadn't eaten in weeks (actually, by my estimate, it couldn't have been more than twenty minutes!) I was thankful that the King himself seemed not to be present, as no feast ever cooked could have sustained two such prodigious appetites.

The revelry lasted far into the night, and in its debauched midst the Doctor seemed quite at home. Try as I might, I could not reconcile this disgusting munching ale-swilling apparition in its tattered coat with the well-mannered, meticulously dressed, urbane Time Lord of whom I had grown so fond.

"Sarah Jane, you're not eating your dinner!" bellowed the Doctor, shattering my thoughts. "At this rate, you'll waste away to nothing!"

"I'm sorry, Doctor," I replied, giving what was by now my standard response. "I guess I've lost my appetite."

"Appetite? Appetite? What does that have to do with it?" he shouted. "An Androgum should never let..." he trailed off in mid-sentence. "Now, why would I say that?" he mused, looking puzzled, even disoriented.

Just as I was about to ask what an Androgum was, a serving girl came over to our table carrying a huge silver bowl filled with fruit. As she leaned forward to offer it to us, the Doctor's gaze fell on its polished surface and he saw his own distorted features staring back.

Suddenly, his expression changed, the sneering parody of a comic opera villain's face disappearing like an ugly mask falling off. His normal features seemed to return slowly, but painfully, it seemed to me, as though he was contorted in inner agony, beset by a great struggle being fought inside his body. He screamed and I recognised the sound as the one I had heard in the TARDIS. The other revelers looked up, startled by the loud noise.

"I am not an Androgum!" he cried. "I am a thinking, rational, being." The effort seemd to drain him utterly, and he clutched the back of his chair for support. "I am the Doctor, a Time Lord!" he shouted. Abruptly, as though struck by an invisible fist, he collapsed.

"Doctor!" I cried, and was instantly by his prostrate form. "Doctor, say something! Are you all right?" He looked up at me, his eyes blank; but as I watched, a veil seemed to lift, and vast intelligence flooded back into his features. The Doctor was back!

"Sarah?" he asked weakly.

"Yes, it's me," I replied. "How are you? Are you yourself again?"

"I feel like I've been asleep," he replied, "but now I think I'm the genuine article again." He rose slowly to his feet and even managed a wan smile. "Let's go back

(continued on page six)

Reverse the Polarity of the Neutron Flow

(sung to "Waltzing Matilda")

Once there was a Time Lord who always got the steps confused
For warming up the TARDIS (and Jo didn't know).
So he muttered as he stood and waited while the circuits warmed,
"Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow."

Now he was really brilliant, but rather absent-minded, too,
(The Time Lords have a lot on their minds, you know)
But at last he figured out how he could keep those words in mind,
"Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow."

Chorus:
Reverse the polarity, reverse the polarity,
Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow
He worried and he fumed and he tried to fathom how it went,
"Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow."

So he wrote it on the Time Rotor, on the Sonic Screwdriver,
Inside his cape, on his sleeve and on his toe.
"No matter what befalls me, now I'll have it close at hand!"
"Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow."

But it smeared right off the Time Rotor, Jo was loaned the screwdriver,
His cape was at the cleaners, and he washed his shirt and toe.
"How will I remember? Maybe I could learn to sing
'Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow.'"

Chorus

He puzzled and he pondered. At first is seemed an easy task
To find a simple tune to which the words would go.
But he wore out the Memory Banks searching for a tune to fit
"Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow."

"When I was a 'Time Lad' back in the Academy
"At home in Prydonia (on Gallifrey, you know).
"A little self-hypnosis often helped my mem'ry." (Sigh!)
"Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow."

Chorus

Why, his method worked so well that the Doctor learned it instantly.
"I've got to tell my friends (it's a useful thing to know!)"
So no matter where he journeyed, the Doctor seldom failed to quote
"Reverse the polarity of the neutron flow."

Far in the future, the Doctor's last regeneration
Drew to a close and he sighed: "I must go.
"In my TARDIS I'll rest, and this shall be my epitaph:
"'He reversed the polarity of the neutron flow.'"

Chorus

"Now deep in the Vortex, gliding through eternity,
A Type-40 TARDIS with its domelight aglow.
The Doctor chucles merrily "I fooled the bloomin' lot of them!
"I reversed the polarity of my neutron flow."

Chorus

—Shari Melbourne

The TARDIS waits for you!

It's time for our regular, desperate mention of the club's computer bulletin board, located as section 13 of The TARDIS BBS, run by Mike Volk. The TARDIS operates 24 hours a day, and is accessible at 300, 1200, and 2400 baud. To log in, dial 609-448-1361. After establishing an account on the board itself (which takes about a day), leave an e-mail message to "The Castellan" including your real name, date of membership in The Prydonians, account number and password. You'll be validated for access to the club member-only section.

The benefit of telecomputering is that we can get news out much faster to our members. Plus, it's fun to get involved in the on-going discussions amongst those (unfortunately few) members who are regular participants on-line. It's true that it isn't a local call for most members, but it's still worth trying, even on a once-a-week or once every two weeks basis. The more people who dial in, the better and more fun it will be. Give it a try, folks!

Also, the new New York City club, UNYT, has its own computer bbs. Or, at least, it would like to. If you're interested in helping them get enough people together to make it worthwhile, call Mark Friedman at 718-376-3694. And, if you live in New York and haven't yet joined UNYT, you should. Dues are $6 a year. Write UNYT, 308 West 30th Street, Apt. 10B, New York, NY, 10001.

The Nature of the Beazt

(continued from page five)

to the TARDIS, shall we? I think I've eaten enough food for one century!"

Several days passed before the Doctor really seemed like his old self again. He spent much of that time in a chamber he called the "Zero Room," which he told me was often used by Time Lords in dealing with regeneration problems. Although he refused to talk about what had happened, I managed to piece together part of it from querying the TARDIS computer and from peeking in the Doctor's "Five Hundred Year Diary," which he sometimes left lying around.

Evidently, since the Doctor (my Doctor, at least, my first Doctor, that is), was the first regeneration after the one Dastari had impregnated with the Androgum genetic material, the influence was quite powerful in him, but since he had resisted it, the urges would probably not re-manifest themselves until his next regeneration. I only hoped I would never witness that.

As I said earlier, some incidents of my time with the Doctor now seem less real than others, especially once they have been set down in print. Looking back—seeing the Doctor's grossly distorted face, witnessing his terrifying behaviour—it would be so simple to pretend that it never happened. In my heart, though, I know the truth. We may hide from the Beast; we may disguise its appearance, swear that it doesn't exist; but in the end we cannot deny that the Beast is in all of us.

[In Chapter 4, "The Metal Monsters," Sarah Jane Smith tells of her first meeting with the conquering robotic monsters, the Daleks.]

"Trial of a Time Lord" starts in UK

continued from page 1

instead of blue with white polka dots, although he does wear the old neckerchief at times during the season) and the arrangement of the opening theme music, which most fans agree is awful.

The theme of this season's single story is that the Time Lords have captured the Doctor and are trying him on charges of having continually violated the First Law of Time, which prohibits interfering in the affairs of others. As evidence, the prosecutor, a Time Lord official known as the Valeyard, screens for the court scenes of the Doctor and Peri interfering. Obviously, this is a way to utilize the scripts already commissioned and purchased before the decision was made to shape the 23rd Season as a single story (much as Star Trek once used its initial pilot episode, "The Cage," within a two-part framework called "The Menagerie," wherein Mr. Spock stood trial for mutiny; footage from "The Cage" was screened for the court as evidence).

The late Robert Holmes' script for "The Mysterious Planet" makes up the first four weeks of "The Trial of a Time Lord," followed by Philip Martin's "Mindwarp," a sequel to the 22nd Season's "Vengeance on Varos," in which Sil, the slug-like alien delegate, returns to menace the Doctor once again. This four-week segment marks the end of Nicola Bryant's time on the show; rumor has it that Peri meets an unpleasant end. Colin Baker tantalizingly as much as confirmed this at his Brooklyn appearance.

The final six-week segment never had a working title (it is rumored to be called "The Ultimate Foe"). The first four weeks are the work of Pip and Jane Baker, who wrote "Mark of the Rani" for the 22nd Season. Robert Holmes is credited with episode 13, and no writer has been announced for the final, season-ending episode. Apparently, former script editor Eric Saward did not take over for Robert Holmes after the latter's death in May (or, if he did, he has refused to be credited for it after leaving the production team following a furious row with producer John Nathan-Turner).

Episode nine sees the first appearance of new Companion Melanie Bush, played by effervescent actress-singer-dancer Bonnie Langford. When we first see Mel (as some British fan publications are calling her), she is already with the Doctor. Apparently, no explanation is offered as to how they met or why she is travelling with the Doctor. According to Celestial Toyroom, the monthly publication of Britain's Doctor Who Appreciation Society, Melanie was originally supposed to meet the Doctor in a script written by Chris ("Logopolis," "Castrovalva," "Frontios") Bidmead. Mel, a computer programmer, was going to help the Doctor foil a plot by the Master to take over all the world's computer. This script was commissioned and purchased and then shelved when the decision was made to try a single unified story again (as in the famous Sixteenth "Key to Time" Season). In any case, since the Doctor's trial is being held far in the future, after all the events seen on the courtroom screen have actually happened, it doesn't really matter that we won't get to see the Doctor and Melanie meet.

Work on the final episodes was completed in Britain in early August. If all runs according to schedule, British fans should see the denouement of the Doctor's trial on Saturday, December 6. No word is available on the Doctor's ultimate fate, but it is unlikely that he will suffer any irreparable punishment. A Twenty-Fourth Season has been promised by the BBC, although nothing has yet been said about its potential length. Work is likely to begin this March. Colin Baker's contract supposedly expires in the near future, but no regeneration scene was filmed this year, so it would be too late to replace him for the start of a new season.

A few final notes about the new Season. For the first time ever in Doctor Who, no exterior filming was shot. All outdoor scenes were done in "Outside Broadcast," i.e., videotape. Thus, there won't be any of those funny visual "transitions" usually seen when action shifts from inside a set to outside on location. Also, there will be a decided attempt to add more humor to this year's stories and cut back on the violence and strong scenes of the controversial 22nd Season. Special effects are to be improved as well. There are a number of well-known guest stars appearing in the three different segments of the single story. Tom Chadbon, the brilliant Duggan of "City of Death," is seen in "The Mysterious Planet." Michael Jayston plays the Valeyard, the Time Lord who is prosecuting the case against the Doctor. Nabil Shabhan returns as Sil. He is joined in the second four-part segment by Brian Blessed. Finally, Honor Blackman will be in the cast for the final six weeks.

The last question any of us should be asking is when will we see the new stories. Nothing is certain yet, but New Jersey Network is trying to be among the first American stations to broadcast them when they are licensed to be shown over here (sometime after they've all been run in the UK). If we're lucky, we might get them in January. We'll let you know as soon as anything definite is announced.

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More Letters

continued from page two

be assured that except for rare occurrences such as the April Fool's hoax (and our own occasional fake ad), everything published in The Renegade is as accurate as we can make it. As far as doing a monthly in-depth look at a particular club, that's a good idea. Rather than us doing the writing, we're going to ask other clubs to supply us with descriptions of themselves and their activities. Look for this feature to get started soon. The only DW club we're aware of in your general area is the Massachusetts-based New England Time Lord Academy, and unfortunately, they don't seem to be very active at the moment. However, we did just receive a newsletter from them, so maybe they're back from the dead. If you're interested, write Adam Bolivar, 45 Gordon Street, #6, Boston, MA, 02134. Or perhaps you could start your own club on campus?

Dear Prydonians:

I feel compelled to write and let you know about a problem I had with Tom Baker's appearance in Philadelphia on September 13. I'm not attempting to blame any particular group for what happened, but I feel that since you were directly involved with the announcement of Baker's appearance you should be aware of this problem. Through your newsletter I was told that he would be appearing in the Philadelphia area sometime in September. Like most local Whovians I anxiously awaited learning exactly where and when he would be appearing. I understand that Spirit of Light was having some problems in finalizing a location but that didn't bother me. I assumed the problem would be taken care of in plenty of time for the convention. However, I received the September Renegade which announced that he would be appearing in Philadelphia at the Centre Hotel on September 13 only three days before the convention! Unfortunately, since I had just started going back to college and was immersed in other activities, I was unable to attend. If I had been able to get word a couple of weeks earlier, I would have been able to schedule it so I could have gone.

I'm not blaming The Prydonians of Prynceton for this mishap. One of the main reasons I'm a member of your club is because you have always provided excellent convention information, particularly with the two Spirit of Light 'supercons.' I was, needless to say, disappointed when I learned of the Baker-Baker convention on such short notice. What was the problem?

Please make a statement in the next Renegade explaining why we weren't given more notice. As if this wasn't enough, I received in the mail recently a flyer from Spirit of Light announcing Tom Baker's appearance in Philadelphia! As my mother says, "there's nothing like yesterday's news."

I realize there is nothing you can do about this problem now, but I would like you to tell Spirit of Light to be more careful in the future in planning their conventions. Not all Doctor Who fans can just drop everything on a moment's notice and run to Philadelphia or New York. I sincerely hope that this problem will not happen again.

John Eccles

Sodowe, John. One of the problems is that Excalibur (the organization that took over Spirit of Light) waited too long to book the Baker-Baker tour (the negotiations were protracted) to be able to find locations enough in advance to make timely announcements. The promotional flyers were delayed (we are told) due to production problems. Also, there seems to have been no attempt to publicize the convention in the Philadelphia area, although Channel 12 did make some announcements.

The Renegade comes out on a regular schedule, at the beginning of each month. To put out a special issue just to announce the Baker-Baker show would have cost us a fortune. If the promoters had worked faster, we might have found out about the Philly date in time to put it in the August Renegade. We're terribly sorry you weren't able to attend, but the fault is the promoters', not ours. Most promoters don't wait until the last minute to find sites for their shows. At times in the past we have attempted to put together a "telephone tree" to pass important news to the members more quickly than waiting for the next issue of the newsletter, but nobody ever volunteers to help out with a phone tree. We're proud of The Renegade, especially of how we are often first with the news. But nobody, fans or promoters, should rely on The Renegade as their only source of information on local conventions. Or at least, if we find out about something too late to give you real advance notice, try to understand that we're all part-time volunteers here at Gallifrey East, and that there's times we can't do as much for you as we'd like to.

Big Jagaroth Party!

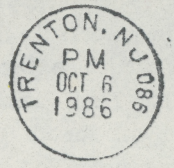
continued from page one

who've seen Eileen in her own costume at various local conventions know just how amazing her work is. She has outdone herself with her new set of robes for all three Jagaroth leaders.

Eileen lives at 226 Robin Hood Road in Mountainside, NJ, just off Route 22, between Bound Brook and Piscataway. For more information, call 201-232-5240.

All Prydonians are welcome to attend and celebrate with our fellow Garden State Whovians. Fans are encouraged to attend in costume. See you there!

The Prydonians of Prynceton
Gallifrey East
359 Nassau Street
Princeton, NJ 08540



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